A PARADOX.

Oh, matters mundane now and then
Get singularly mixed;
Here is an inconsistency
That hardly can be fixed.

I know a hard and narrow man
A miser and morose,
Who, though a million miles away,
Would still be just as close.

A LOVE STORY.

I sat spinning at my little wheel in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling, and, on looking up, there was young Squire Turner, with his arms folded on the gate, looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed, I blushed, and I arose and made him a courtesy.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he: "May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I, and I set a chair, for he was grandfather's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to.

Since I'm telling the story I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other. Evan was a poor, struggling young surgeon. I thought I would wait awhile until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that when the half-year's rent should come due not a penny to pay it with could be found.

At this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on the wintry nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way and watch me knit or spin.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's. He made me angry and I spoke up.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart deep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much, though. But one night grandfather came in, and shutting the door stood between grandmamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay the rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grandmamma's hand covered them. Grandpa drew me to him. "Thou'rt young, lass," said he, "and they are right who call thee pretty." Child—could'st like the squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh?" cried grandma. "Sure, you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, and that is our Agatha."

And when he had waited for an answer I burst out with "No" and a sob together. Then grandpa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown and how kind the squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the squire heaven only knew what might happen.

Ah! it was hard to bear—bitter hard; but now there was no help for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it on my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grandmamma called me a deceitful wench, and grandfather looked as though his heart would break. Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The days passed on, and he never came near me. And grandma would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grandpa sighed and moaned and talked of the workhouse. And I thought I should die of grief among them.

One day grandma said to me: "It seems that your sweetheart is not overfond of you nor over-anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?" asked grandma.

"Busy, doubtless," said I with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

"You're going with him, maybe."

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.

"I heard you rightly'," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"They're going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart, and leave me that have nursed you from a babe a widow."

I looked at her as she sobbed, and I found strength to say:

"Give me to whom you will then, since my own love does not want me."

And then I crept up stairs and sat down on my bedside, weak as though I had fainted. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grandfather's old face! And grannie grew so proud and kind, and all the house was so aglow, and only I sad. But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word.

So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grannie and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it were my shroud they were working at instead.

And one night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt down under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world. "For how can I live without Evan?" I said.

I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that at first I scarce thought earthly. Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, our little maid, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she said; "ye sent him fra ye for sake o' the young squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me?" But she caught my sleeve.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to young Dr. Locke's place past the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he, 'There's na a drop o' true bluid in a woman 'gin she is false.' And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, an' your grannie rode home. There 'tis all I ken—will it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I, "heaven bless you!"

And had I wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.

I stood before my grandmother, trembling and white, and I said: "Oh don't tell me, grannie, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it back to Evan as if from me? You I've loved and honored all my life long"———She turned scarlet.

"True love!" said she, "you've but one true love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face." And she looked down at that and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I had loved for forty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy, worth nothing, stand in my way, and see him a beggar in his old age? Oh, girl, girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but then, when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own and come with me, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the housekeeper to let me see the squire.

So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here."

But I stopped him.

"Not your love, 'Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but after all that has passed I——"

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you, Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offense—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" And all I could do was to sob.

At last strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how, when he honored me by an offer of his hand, I angered my grand-mother by owning to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my breast and the false message that had been sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then as I looked all the rich color faded out of the squire's face, and I saw what we seldom see, more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah, me! the news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many a higher and fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere I saw you."

And then, kind and gentle, as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate passed and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Golden George has not sailed yet."

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grannie that I would never wed him.

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men, who rode away with the break of the morrow and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George, and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me. Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent old grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night.

Heavy Rails.

The heaviest rail in use in America is the 110-pound rail of the Chignecio Ship railway, while the heaviest rail in use in the United States is the 90-pound rail of the Philadelphia & Reading. The latter is to be surpassed by a new 95-pound rail which is being rolled for the Boston & Albany. The metal in the rail is distributed so that about 42 per cent is in the head, 19 per cent in the web, and 39 per cent in the flange.

Marriage.

The nuptial usages and phrase now common in England are chiefly of Roman origin. It was a rule among the Romans that the bride should be brought to her husband with a covering or veil cast over her head, and hence the ceremony was called nuptial; from nubo—to veil. The ceremony of putting on the wedding-ring was imported into that country by the Normans.

Take Your Choice.

One Boston horse-car conductor says "deepo," another says "daypo," and a third says "railway station." When authorities in cultivated Boston disagree, what are the outside barbarians to do?—Somerville Journal

A TUSSLE WITH A DOE.

AN EXCITING INCIDENT IN A GEORGIA DEER HUNT.

The Fine Animal Was Captured, Thrown to the Ground and Securely Bound Without Firing a Single Shot.

A party of Savannahians who spent a week hunting on St. Catherine's Island last month are still telling a good story of a very unusual and laughable incident that occurred during the hunt. Charles Grant, the colored manager of the fine pack of deer hounds which Mr. Jacob Rauers keeps on his place on St. Catherine's, is the hero of the story. Grant is an enthusiastic sportsman and always keeps close behind the hounds. One morning toward the end of the hunt the party was among the lagoons near the coast. Besides the large pack of hounds they had a number of negroes beating through the palmetto and heavy undergrowth. About 11 o'clock, while driving the lagoons, the dogs roused a fine, large doe, which started full tilt down the island toward the coast and right in the direction of the hunters' stand. The whole pack opened after her with voices that made the welkin ring, and the negroes were close behind them with yells that could be heard a mile. This is the music that sends the blood to the hunter's heart with tumultous throbs that makes him tighten the nervous grasp upon his gun as the quarry approaches.

Several shots were fired as the deer went past the stand, but whether from excitement or other causes that distracted the hunter's aim, the deer went by unhurt and continued her way to the coast, followed by the dogs and the negroes.

When she reached the beach, however, she found herself cornered by the dogs, with apparently no avenue of escape, but, turning about, she boldly plunged into the water and swam out into the sound, followed by the dogs. As she seemed to have no intention of stopping, the dogs gave up the chase and came back to the shore.

Grant had followed the deer to the coast, and watched her swim out into the sound. He put the pack, with the exception of one dog, back into the lagoon, where they roused another deer, but, knowing the habits of the animals, he remained watching the doe. She swam out a long distance, nearly to a trading schooner, over a mile from the coast.

Only a black spot on the water showed her whereabouts from the shore. Grant waited, and after a while the deer turned about and started slowly back for the shore, making for the very point where she had been driven in. Grant waited until her feet were almost on the land, when he put the dog in. The deer made one leap past the dog, and landed on the shore. Grant had dismounted from his horse, and as the deer landed he grabbed her around the neck.

"I got you, you debbil," he exclaimed.

Grant and the deer had a lively wrestle up and down the beach. He struggled with her until he managed to get to his horse and get hold of his cowhide dog whip, twenty feet long. Throwing the deer he wrapped the whip around her legs until he had her completely tied up. Then he cut the buckskin string from his hunting horn and with it tied the deer to a myrtle root. He then rode back to the camp, where he found the party preparing to cook some bacon for dinner. He told them he had a deer down on the beach, but they refused to believe him. As he persisted in his story the party at length took the wagon down to the beach, where they found the deer, just as Grant had said.

The animal was a four-year-old gray doe of large size. Grant was the proudest man in the party, and gave a graphic description of his capture of the deer. The doe was heavy with young, and was taken to Mr. Rauer's place and put in a stable to secure the fawns. It is probably the first instance on record where a man, single-handed and unarmed, has captured a full-grown and uninjured deer.

The hunt was a very successful one, and the party killed thirteen deer.

Too Grasping by Half.

A new story is told of Oliver Walton, who in his day was the greatest dealer in good horses near Boston. On one occasion he came into Maine and bought an extra good horse for $300. The horse breeder was one of the niggardly kind and asked: "How are you going to lead the horse away?" "With that halter to be sure," said Walton, busy counting out the money for the horse. "No, sir," said the breeder, "the halter don't go with the horse, it belongs to me. I did not sell you that." "What, not let me have a halter after I have given you your price for the horse?" asked old Oliver, a little surprised. "What do you want for it?" "A dollar, sir," said the farmer. "All right," said Walton, "here is the dollar." He put the rest of his money in his pocket, then stepped quickly to the horse's head and remarked: "I will take the halter but I guess I will not take the horse." He took off the halter, let the horse go loose, and the breeder had many a long day in which to repent of his overreaching.

A Snail's Pace.

"A snail's pace" need not be used any longer as a term more or less indefinite. By an interesting experiment at the Florence Polytechnic Institute a few days ago the pace was ascertained exactly and reduced to figures, which may be used by persons who favor the use of exact terms. A half a dozen of the mollusks were permitted to crawl between two points 10 feet apart, and from this the average pace was ascertained. In working the calculation into feet, yards, rods, furlongs and miles it was found that it would take a snail exactly 14 days to crawl a mile.

Old Friends.

Big Ben.—"Oh, flattery's the bane of friendship! Just look at you and me old man! Why, I've always told you the truth about yourself, however disagreeable. It's a way I have. And yet we've been fast friends for forty years, and I like you better than any friend I possess. Indeed you're about the only friend I've got left."

Little Dick (dreamily)—"Ah, but you must remember that I've never told you the truth back again!"—Punch.

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

Walter Besant's Shortest Story and One of His Best.

Walter Besant, the English novelist, in a note received from him by the Philadelphia Press, says: "Here is a true story which does not belong to my correspondence, but I think it very interesting. I give it as it was told to me: 'A certain young Russian, of good family, fell in love with a village girl, whom he wished to marry. His father, objecting on the ground of social disparity, made arrangements by which the girl was betrothed to a young peasant of her own class.

"Now, it is the custom in some parts of Russia for the bridegroom and his friends to begin drinking early in the day of the marriage, so that when the time comes for the church ceremony the groom has often to be led to the altar and supported by a friend on either hand. This happened on the morning of the marriage of the girl. The bridegroom was led to the altar and supported by two men, of whom one was the young gentleman himself.

"Now mark his craft and subtlety. When the time came for joining hands he put out his own hand, the groom being too far gone to notice anything, and so was joined in matrimony to the girl. The certificate of the marriage had already been written in the register before the ceremony, a precaution obviously necessary.

"The wedding over, the young noble took the girl from her people at the church door, drove her away, and took her to Paris, where they lived together in amity for several years.

"Then the father died, and it became necessary to return to Russia, and it is possible, for the sake of the children, to get the marriage duly acknowledged.

"This business was intrusted to a lawyer, who visited the village and saw the register. He returned, stating that it was impossible, because the marriage was entered in the books as between the rustic and the girl. Being, however, assured that something must be done he returned, got possession of the register, and clumsily erased the name of the rustic bridegroom. This done he—at this point you see what he did, and everybody says, 'Filled in the other name.' No, he did not; he wrote again over the erasure the name of the village swain. He did not, therefore, forge the record, but if his noble client afterward found it desirable to assert that some one had done so the fact of the erasure would be apparent."

Some Badly Rusted Coronets.

Disgraced and blackguard peers are now quite a strong body in England. One of the Irish earls, who was a corporal in the Life Guards before he succeeded to his title, did six months' hard labor for some breach of military discipline. Another peer, an English one and the son of a lord high chancellor, can never show his face in the house of lords again. He committed a disgusting crime. He has dropped his title and is now clerk to a firm of auctioneers in Australia. The marquis of Ailesbury still affects his costermonger suit on odd occasions, and likes to make a bet that he will sell a barrow of greens as quickly as any hawker in Whitechapel. By the way, it is interesting to note in the peerage for 1891 that the marchioness, once known as Dolly Tester, now figures as "Dorothy Julia, daughter of T. Hussey, Esq." Tester's papa was about as unmitigated a ruffian of the tough tribe as England has ever produced.

Make a Note of It.

An English dentist who tried hypnotism in his profession was very successful. He extracted a tooth for a lady while she was in a hypnotized condition, and when she was awakened she said she had not felt the removal of the tooth, and she has not experienced any discomfort since.

SMILES.

Clothes do not make the man, but the youth frequently owes a good deal to his tailor.—Cape Cod Item.

It may be that a great deal of this promised street-car electricity is something of a cell.—Baltimore American.

New York policemen with their nippers find their match when attacked by the grip.—New Orleans Picayune.

When the other man begins to quote statistics you may assume that you have won the argument.—Elmira Gazette.

The people of every state have their fads. The fad of Massachusetts seems to be to collect old maids.—Somerville Journal.

"Did you ever take a temperance drink?" "Yes," responded the Kentuckian, sadly. "I passed through the experience once."—Life.

If men knew as much of themselves as they usually do of their neighbors, they would hardly dare to speak to themselves.—Texas Siftings.

"Yes, the doctor has given him up," she said tearfully. "Well," said the caller, "there's one hope yet. Let him give the doctor up."—Philadelphia Record.

Hobbs (wishing to hire a suite of rooms and thinking his friend Gilshaw can assist him): Hello, Gilshaw; you are just the man I want to see. I've been looking for a flat for over a week.—Boston Herald.

"Hey, Chimmy!" exclaims the first boy, nudging his companion's elbow excitedly at the circus; "see that there lady dancing on der wire?" "Wot of it?" asks the other. "They ain't no current on."—Boston Post.

Miss Sharpe: Your friend Wooden reminds me so much of the learned professions. Bullfinch: Ah, he'll be glad to hear it; but in what way? Miss Sharpe: Why, there's so much room at the top.—Boston Courier.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

A good deal of the devil's best work is done by careless people.

The woman who talks about her neighbors is no worse than the one who listens.

A church with a poor foundation never gains anything by having a very tall steeple.

If an alligator could talk, he would probably declare that he had a small mouth.

The man who never makes mistakes misses a good many splendid chances to learn something.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—Johnson.

Some people can trust God as long as they have plenty of money, but when the bank breaks their religion all goes with it.

The man who knows that he was one kind of a fool yesterday very often has a suspicion that he is some other kind of a fool to-day.

POPULAR SCIENCE CHAT.

A BUDGET OF ENTERTAINING TALK FOR ALL.

The Brazilian Government Wants to Exterminate the Vampires—Proposed Protective Armor—Queer Privileges.

The Brazilian government has repeatedly offered a liberal reward for a plan resulting in an abatement of the vampire plague, which in the provinces of Bahia and Matto Grosso makes stock-raising almost impossible. As many as twenty of the winged bloodsuckers attack a cow in a single night, in spite of all precautions, says Dr. Felix Oswald, in the Philadelphia Times, but a local scientist now proposes to abate the nuisance by burning down the forests en masse, and thus deprive the little ghouls of their hiding places in the interior of hollow trees. In dry summers the project would no doubt be feasible, and under the impulse of a favorable gale the conflagration could even be relied upon to pass the barriers of the broad rivers; but there is a serious risk that the summers of the expurgated districts would soon get dry to a degree not contemplated in the programme of the projector. The vast plains of eastern South America are even now liable to protracted droughts, and there is, indeed, an ugly analogy between the low-lands of Brazil and the basin of the Sahara desert, which is known to have extended its area considerably within the last few hundred years, and may once have been a region of evergreen forest like the Empire of Morocco, where continuous woods once stretched from the Atlas Range to the shore-sands of the Atlantic, constituting the best timber province of the Roman Empire, though arboreal vegetation is now almost as scarce as on the volcanic cinderfields of the moon. It would, indeed, be a mistake to suppose that the neighborhood of the ocean constitutes anything like a guarantee for the continued productiveness of the Brazilian coastlands. Twice since the beginning of the present century those plains were visited by droughts that caused more distress than our civil war, and the wholesale destruction of woodlands would soon make such droughts a chronic affliction.

PROTECTIVE ARMOR.

Professor T. D. Garnier, of Marseilles, publishes the result of a series of interesting experiments with proposed substitutes for the metal mail coats of the middle ages. Pressed cotton, annealed copper chains, fabrics of half-tanned leather, all proved a remarkable resisting power, but were surpassed by a network of heavy silk cords plaited in double layers and backed by rings composed of an alloy of aluminum and copper. The German repeating rifles can be fired eight times a minute, and in the hands of a trained brigade would keep up a continuous hail-storm of bullets, but those bullets are so small that their penetrative force could be counteracted easily enough to justify the reintroduction of protective armor, at least for cavalry and artillery.

QUEER PRIVILEGES.

A correspondent of the Courier Francais defends the French privilege of illiteracy on the strange ground that compulsory education makes the mass of the people hate literature. In Germany, he says, where every farmer's and cooper's boy is dragged to the school house, only the upper classes read, while working people detest the very sight of a book, and associate education with the idea of government despotism. In the United States, on the other hand, where attendance at school is largely optional, almost wholly so in the South, every farmer who can possibly spare a dime a week subscribes for a newspaper, and in spite of free (i. e., non-compulsory) schools general intelligence has reached a far higher level in France than in Germany or Austria.

EXPENSIVE PETS.

When the first pioneers settled in Upper California they used to vaunt the zoological attractions of the far west, especially of the blue-gray squirrel, that enliven the hillsides with their restless gambols and climb, run and dig with equal dexterity. At present they would probably pay a liberal premium to get rid of those expensive pets. A year ago a colony of squirrels flooded a 48,000-acre tract of valley lands by undermining the Colusa levees and recently several fine wheat farms in Stanislaus and Tehama counties were sold at a great sacrifice after the same rodents had ruined a succession of promising harvests.

A FAIR COMPROMISE.

The natives of Montenegro are the most inveterate betters on earth. They stake their pennies on a cock-fight or the issue of an election with equal readiness. They lay wagers on duels, on the length of a drought or of a sermon, and even bet on the verdict of a circuit court, but are required to state their theories in an undertone, lest too audible comments might bias the decision of the judges.

WAR RELICS.

A farmer of Hancock county, Maine, boasts the possession of an iron camp kettle that has been in the family several hundred years and is considered quite a local curiosity for having done service in the Miles Standish campaign against the Penobscot Indians. For Indian campaign purposes the portable distilleries of that time proved, however, even more effective.

The Covers Make the Books.

One of the most expensive books brought out this year has failed to sell because it had a dull colored cover. It was very richly illustrated and elegantly printed, and as a further effort to make it unique the idea of binding it in leather was adopted. That killed it. The booksellers offered it to their lady customers but the ladies listened to nothing that was said for it. They brushed it aside with the remark, "It's not pretty," or "It will not match anything in the house." Vastly inferior books with a splash of red on the cover or with gold or silver chasing on the binding were sold as fast as they could be printed.—New York Sun.

Just the Same.

The other day a Virginia negro dug up a shell at Malvern Hill which had been buried since 1862, but when he put it to roast in a fire so as to get at the kernel it went off and killed a plow-horse and left the darkey only one leg to go on for the rest of his life. Those old shells were loaded for b'ar.

HOW MAN MADE HIS ENTRY.

An Indian Version of the Creation of the World and the Origin of the Race.

There are few stories of a legendary nature that are not related in several different forms. A correspondent who has read the Indian legend of the creation sends the following excellent version of it:

When the Great Spirit created the world he first made three men, all of the same color. Then he led them to a pool of water and bade them jump in and bathe. One of them obeying at once leaped in advance of his fellows and came out clean and white.

The others hesitated, but one soon followed the first. When he went in the water had become somewhat stained and he came out copper-colored.

Then the third man went in. By that time the water of the pool had become black and he was consequently black when he had bathed.

Thus it happens that there are white men, red men and black men in the world.

Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages before the three men, which contained their future fate. Out of pity for the black man he permitted him to have his first choice of the parcels.

The black man, without hesitation, took the largest of the parcels; the red man, whose turn was next, took the next largest parcel, and the white man got the remaining one, which was very small.

Then the men opened their packages. That of the black man was found to contain shovels and other implements of labor, the red man's contained bows and arrows and the white man's small parcel consisted of pens, ink and tools for light work.

From that time on each man made use of the tools he had chosen.

Changed the Subject.

Occasionally people who laud their own possessions to the disadvantage of those belonging to their neighbors' receive an unexpected check.

A botanist took a party of ladies and gentlemen over his grounds, pointing out the rarest among his plants and flowers, and explaining their virtues.

One of the visitors was an elderly miss, who appeared to take infinite delight in declaring, whenever she had a chance, that the plants and flowers in her own garden were as beautiful as those in the botanist's.

Just as they were passing a giant cactus, she exclaimed, "Oh! that is nothing extraordinary. I have a much larger cactus at home. Indeed; I planted it myself!"

"How strange!" the professor observed. "This plant is already sixty-three years old, and, if yours is still larger—"

Here the lady changed the subject.

Lookout, Girls.

A very peculiar case was recently tried in a German court and resulted in the offender being fined. An old German gave everybody to understand that he was 104 years old, and the papers getting hold of the fact gave him so much free advertising that he began to attract a great deal of attention. Finally somebody who hadn't much to do looked up the court records, and made the startling discovery that he was only 89 years of age. Thereupon he was arrested, tried as an impostor and fined as stated above. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, and some of our 20-year-old girls who, strange to say, have seen in the neighborhood of thirty-nine birthdays, had better look out or the boogy man will catch them.—Peck's Sun.

An Old Will.

A last will and testament, five thousand years old, was found recently in Egypt. The testator, Sekiah, executed it with his own hand in favor of his own brother, a priest of Osiris. The property disposed of in the will was to go at the brother's death to Sekiah's daughter who, the internal evidence of the document shows, had the same legal right as a man to own and administer and dispose of the property.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Many of the explosions in flour mills have been traced to electricity generated by belts.

There is a difference of only twenty-two square miles between the areas of England and Iowa.

The most unalterable of water colors has been found to be yellow ochre, terra sienna, sepia and blues.

Men of science declare that the orange was originally a berry, and that its evolution has been going on more than a thousand years.

An Italian physiologist of repute, named Mosso, has demonstrated by experiment that thinking causes a rush of blood to the brain, which varies with the nature of the thought.

Following the example of France and Italy, the Russian medical council has prohibited the use of saccharin as an article of food. Henceforward the substance will be dispensed by apothecaries and druggists only on medical prescription.

The following plan is adopted in the Paris labratory for testing the comparative durability of paving stones. A sample of the rock is placed upon a horizontal plate rotating around a vertical axis, and pressed against it by suitable contrivances. The wear is then compared with that of a standard material under the same conditions.

It is always from an animal's teeth that the diet intended for it by nature is judged. But the fact that it has incisors does not prove that it is carnivorous. There are plenty of purely vegetable-eating beasts which have well-developed incisors. Take the monkey, for example. Monkeys' incisors are much more developed than those of man, but they are exclusively fruit-eaters, the incisors being useful merely for fighting.

FUNNY THINGS WE SEE.

The detective who talks too much.

Sunday newspapers for sale Saturday night.

American society news in the London newspapers.

The well-dressed idiot who whistles old songs in street cars.

The woman who is walking from San Francisco to New York.

The man who doesn't think he earns more money than he gets.

The boy who doesn't think that every other boy has a better time than he has.

A girl trying to get a nickel out of her pocket in a street car without getting up

THE DEADLY BACTERIA.

Minute Organisms That Cause Certain Diseases in the Human System.

It has been learned within the past few years that several of the most serious diseases known to man are caused by particular species of bacteria, says T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's. Some diseases are called infectious. Among those forms which thus originate are tuberculosis, Asiatic cholera, erysipelas, and some forms of blood-poisoning, tetanus or lockjaw, and some forms of pneumonia, typhoid fever, and diphtheria. We know the germs which are concerned in the causation of these diseases, and can grow them in tubes in the laboratory and work out their life history.

Malaria, it has been pretty well established, is due to a minute organism which belongs not among the plants, but low down in the animal series, in the class known as protozoa, and it may be that some or all of the last group above-mentioned may be caused by similar organisms, which, as yet, we can not cultivate in the laboratory or even bring within our vision with the microscope.

Consumption, or tuberculosis, is largely spread by the specific bacteria in the sputum thrown off by affected persons, which is allowed to dry and become disseminated in the floating dust. Typhoid fever is communicated by the germs discharged from the bodies of those ill of this disease, which, in one way or another, but largely in polluted water and food, get into the digestive tract of well persons. Diphtheria may be communicated in like manner by the germs in the membranes or fluids from the mouth of the stricken ones, and may linger long, wholly dry, in garments and household furniture and rooms.

The bacterium causing tetanus, or lockjaw, is not often conveyed from one person to another, but is exceptional in having its usual lurking-place in the soil of certain regions.

Now, how do these particular species of germs cause these special forms of disease? We have already seen that one of the marked life features of bacteria is that when they assimilate nourishment and grow they set free various forms of chemical substances. When putrefaction occurs in a bit of meat, for example, certain bad-smelling gases, as well as a host of other substances, set free by the bacteria which are feeding on the meat. This causes its putrefaction. Each species acts in its own peculiar fashion in the acquirement of its food and sets free its own peculiar chemical substances.

Now, the same thing happens when bacteria, in one way or another, get into the bodies of men or animals and grow there. But in the large proportion of cases the bacteria which we take into our bodies in vast numbers with the greatest varieties of uncooked foods and with water and milk, produce, if they grow at all, chemical substances which do no manner of harm. It is indeed not at all improbable that some bacteria which are constantly present in the digestive canal form, under ordinary circumstances, materials which aid in the process of digestion.

It has, however, come about in the lapse of ages that a very few, an infinitely small proportion, of all the bacteria which are about us produce chemical substances in the body, which, in one way or another, act as violent poisons. These substances, produced by bacteria, are called ptomaines, and here, at last, our plummet seems to be striking bottom. It is the ptomaines, or peculiar vegetable poisons produced by these germs, which usually do the damage. Sometimes these ptomaines are produced in some special part of the body where the bacteria grow, and gaining access to body fluids, are carried all over the organism, inducing in the most vulnerable parts those changes which are characteristic of the disease and which give rise to what we call its symptoms. This seems to be the case in diphtheria and typhoid fever, in which the bacteria are confined, in the former usually to the mouth, and throat, and air passages, and in the latter to the intestinal canal. But the soluble ptomaines are carried everywhere, working havoc.

The Small Boy's Revelation.

It is the small boy who usually tells things, and the dinner table is his favorite theatre, says the Atlanta Constitution. Not long ago a bright little fellow out on Peachtree street peered over into the dish at the head of the table, and exclaimed:

"What a little chicken for so many people."

The company smiled surreptitiously, and his mother endeavored to quiet him. But he was like Banquo's ghost. After they had all been helped and were eating, his face suddenly lit up, and, clapping his hands, he shouted:

"Oh, yes, I know now, mamma. This is the little chicken that was sick so long in the yard, ain't it?"

Temperature of the Room.

"I look upon it as an absolute impertinence for one adult person to dictate to another the proper temperature of a room," a woman of sense remarked not long since. "The people who do such things are, for the most part, intolerably selfish and interested only in their own comfort. They have no more right to regulate the state of the mercury for me, than to order the amount of sugar in my coffee, or if I shall have my beef rare or well done.

"Because some medical authority has declared that 74° to 76° is a medium temperature, these themometric cranks fling doors and windows open and shut up heaters to suit themselves."—New York Ledger.

Human Statuary.

The Egyptian mummifying process of preserving the bodies of the dead is cast in the shade by a French chemist, who has discovered a process of electroplating a corpse with gold, silver, nickle, bronze or copper, according to the size of the friends' pocketbook. It is horrible to contemplate, but the time has arrived when statues, as perfect as life and in any desired metallic casing, may be erected in mausoleums, armor halls or libraries.

Some Coal.

Three hundred to four hundred tons of coal per day is the amount used in some of the large passenger steamers on the Atlantic. This is about one ton per mile run.